

Into The Deep

by LizzieV

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Summary: It's a little SBR-ish, just a quicky I wrote one day to get me over writer's block...

Into The Deep

>Oh yeah, I wrote the song, "Can't You See What You Do To Me", saves on getting sued.

>Into the Deep
by Elizabeth Vega

>
~ In this dark, dark world we face everyday,

>~ catching criminals so our kids can play.
~ It's so hard sometimes, its so tough,

>~ I turn to you when I've had enough

>Bailey was sitting in his office, taking care of the piles of paperwork resulting from the team's latest catch.

>"So true, so true," Bailey found himself mumbling in the general direction of his stereo, which usually played a selection by Pavorrati or one of his other favorite opera singers, but now was turned to the casual Atlanta radio station he rarely listened to.

>~ Oh la la la la la la la
~ can't you see, can't you see,

>~ what you do to me?
~ And oh la la la la la la la

>~ can't you see what you do inside of me?
~ It's like a river flowin' free.

>~ Happy as anyone could ever be,
~ can't you see what you do to me?

>

>*****
Sam was sitting at her desk, reclining back in her amply comfortable black leather chair. She was reviewing some case files that she received that morning. Her radio played softly in the background.

>
~ When I need to feel safe, need to feel secure,

>~ to your loving arms I will always turn.
~ If you really knew how I really felt,

>~ In my loving arms you would surely melt, yeah,

>She started to tap her pen to the upbeat rhythm that was softly filling her office. Her mind started to wander from the dark minds and modus operandis of the serial killers she was trying to profile to a more pleasant thought, Bailey.

>~ Oh la la la la la la la
~ can't you see, can't you see?

>
"Knock, knock," went the door. It slowly opened.

>
"Speaking of the Devil," Sam whispered to herself as none other than Bailey entered her office.

>
"Catchy tune, huh?" Bailey smirked nodding towards the radio as the familiar melody came to his ears.

>
"Hmmâ€|" Sam replied trying act like she was more interested in her case files than her friend. Bailey continued.

>
"You know the Bryer case we just closed?" Bailey said carrying an open dossier as he moved towards her.

>
"Hi Bailey," Sam told him, pretending like she hadn't heard his question.

>
"Sorry. Hello Ms. Waters, how are you this fine morning? And how was your night? Did you have a good rest? What about breakfast, did you enjoy that as well?" Bailey said to humor her.

>
"Good. Fine. Yes. Yes, thank you. So what were you saying about the Bryer case?" Sam grinned.

>
"Bailey smiled back. (one of those killer smiles that makes you wanna melt. My RD club knows what I mean.) "There's a part of this report I'm having trouble filling out. I think you can help me." Bailey told her.

>
"Shoot," Sam said to him, more because she loved his company than wanted to answer his questions about that horrid case. Bailey was now standing over her, leaning himself and the file over her desk. Sam could smell Bailey's "Polo Sport" cologne (Ã just insert your favorite kind) as he got closer.

>
"When we finally found this guy's lair," Bailey started in his deep, manly (sexy too) voice drawing Sam's attention to the file in his hand, "and he tried to escape, you're the one that caught him in the backyard. You said he confessed. Can you recall exactly what he said to you?"

>
Sam didn't want to re-live the horrible night that had not occurred more than one week hence. VCTF had been called in to investigate a series of murders involving children ranging in age from 5 to 12. What had the local Arizona State Police stumped was that all the bodies recovered were missing their left hands. Sam, Bailey, and the rest of the VCTF main team flew out to Superior, Arizona to assist. When they arrived, they found the thriving ghost town (think about it, "thriving ghost town". Somewhat of an oxymoron.) with a population of less than 500. George set up shop in the rickety little sheriff's station located in the central part of town. Grace in the coroner's office/hospital. And Sam, Bailey, and John went to investigate. They had the help of the six total sheriff and sheriff's deputies employed by the city. Due to Sam's profile from the victimology, they established that the killer had a deformity or total severage of his left hand.

>
George ran the profiler through disability and police records for any matches. They found one in the area, Jeffrey Bryer . Sam and Bailey rushed out to the suspect's home on the outskirts of town as soon as they got the call. They were the closest to the scene and arrived at the 19th century two-story house first. After calling for back-up they walked up to the door, guns drawn. Bailey knocked on the front door yelling, "FBI. Open up!", his gun hand never wavering.

>
A second later Bailey kicked in the door and they went in, running the cross-cover pattern as they entered. They secured the first floor and moved onto the 2nd floor, together. Neither of them wanted to leave the other alone. As soon as they reached the top floor, Bailey checked the first room. Empty. As he was doing so, Sam had an intuitive glance of their suspect running. She retraced her steps down the stairs, gun pointed towards the darkness encompassing her, the only light coming from her small pen light.

>
She reached the landing of the staircase and heard a creak coming from the back of the house. Sam instinctively pointed her gun towards the sound. She treaded softly towards the back door, careful not to make any sound. Then she heard the back door bust open as Bryer went running out to the backyard. Sam yelled, "Bailey!" as she ran after the killer.

>
As he attempted to scale the back fence she yelled, "Freeze! Turn around with your hands up!". He did turn around, but he did not stop. He slowly walked towards her.

>
"Do you want to know why I did it? I wanted them to feel the same way I did. Useless, a cripple. Dead." As he said the last line he held up his left arm, a stump where his hand should have been.

>
"Just shut up and stay right there or I'll shoot!" Sam replied, her eyes filling with tears.

>
"You want me to stop? Oh, I'll never stop. I'll just keep coming and comingâ€¦" he said as he walked closer, not more than 25 feet away now. At the same time, Bailey showed up behind her.

>
"Jeffrey Bryer. Stop right there. You are under arrest for the murder of Ashley Jeppson, Jennifer Mitchell, Cody Cook, Mary Garcia, and Peyton Cox. Come any closer and we will shoot." Bailey said forcefully.

>
As soon as Bailey said that, John came over the fence with another sheriff's deputy tackling Bryer to the floor. Bailey asked Sam if she was ok and she just walked away, towards their car in the front.

>
"Sam?!" Bailey said. Sam snapped back to the reality of her office and Bailey's voice calling her back to real time. Bailey noticed the horror stricken look Sam had on her face.

>
"I can come back later if you want," Bailey said, not really wanting to leave but to help his friend get over her problem.

>
"No, He said, 'Do you want to know why I did it? I wanted them to feel the same way I did. Useless, a cripple. Dead,'. Those were his exact words. I'll never forget them." Sam said, tears filling her eyes once more.

>
She remembered the picture of one of the victims, Jennifer Mitchell. She was about Chloe's age with the same blonde hair and blue eyes and Sam couldn't figure out why somebody would want to kill someone so defenseless, innocent.

>
Bailey noticed the glazed look in her eyes and wanted to comfort her, so he tried.

>
"I know, Sam. Bryer was a sick man, is a sick man." Bailey said, letting the open file fall to her desk, landing on top of the stack that was already there. His hands went onto her shoulder as he shifted his body behind the chair. He then lowered himself so his mouth was level with her right ear.

>
"Please tell me what's wrong Sam. I've always told you that you can tell me anything, especially things that bother you." Bailey whispered softly into her ear. At this, Sam let go, and began to cry.

>
"It could've been Chloe, Bailey" Sam managed to get out between sobs. He squeezed her shoulders softly, showing he understood.

>
"Why did you become a profiler Sam? Why do you do what you do?", he asked rhetorically, then answered his own question, "You did it to put people like Bryer away, keep them away from Chloe and all the other kids like her.

>
"But its a never-ending cycle," Sam replied, now gaining control over her tears," I mean, we put one serial killer behind bars and two more pop up in his place. When does it end?"

>
"That's why we have to take things one day at a time. Sam, you do the best you can which is more than anyone can ask. You once told me that you can't take this job personally, all the darkness, but you have to. It's what makes us human. We just need to find ways to not let it break us. You have to be strong." At this Bailey squeezed her shoulders once more. "Come on, we're going to take an early lunch. I know this great little place that just opened on 78th." Bailey told her.

>
Sam dried her remaining tears and smiled up at Bailey. "Sounds great. What's the place called?"

>
"Lizzy's Karaoke Bar & Grill. The name says it all!" Bailey laughed as Sam got up and he walked her out the door, flipping the light switch off as we fade into black.

>
~~~Author's Note~~~ Ohh, the possibilities of having a Karaoke Bar introduced into the picture. See, now I can just have them sing songs thereâ€|hehe, I'm soo kewl! Hope ya enjoyed it! It was a short one, and I dunno if it was any good, but it made me feel better.

>

End
file.